AN AVON PUBLICATION

FEATURING IN THIS ISSUE -- DRACULA!

10c

No. 12

EERIE

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Please enter my attached drawing in your April contest. **(PLEASE PRINT)**

Name_____ Age____

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State_____ Occupation____

Amateurs Only!

Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit the lettering.

None returned. Winners notified.

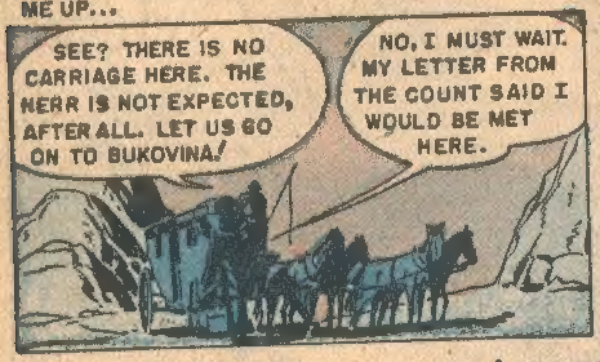
EERIE, August, 1953—Vol. 1, Number 12. Published quarterly by AVON PERIODICALS, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Sol Cohen, Editor and General Manager. Application for second class entry pending at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 40c plus 15c for packing and mailing—total 55c, elsewhere $1.00. Copyright 1953 by Avon Periodicals, Inc. All names in this periodical are entirely fictitious and no identification with actual persons is intended. Printed in U. S. A.

THE STRANGE TALE RELATED HEREIN HAS BEEN PIECED TOGETHER FROM THE JOURNALS OF JONATHAN HARKER, MINA MURRAY, DR. SEWARD, (DIRECTOR OF THE WHITBY LUNATIC ASYLUM) AND PROFESSOR VAN HELSING. ALTHOUGH TO SOME THEIR STORY MAY SEEM THE RAVINGS OF DISORDERED MINDS, THOSE WHO WROTE OF IT ASK FOR NO PROOFS, ASK NONE TO BELIEVE THEM. THEY HAVE SEEN THE DREAD PEOPLE OF THE UNDEAD, THEY HAVE LIVED THROUGH THE FRIGHTFUL TERRORS CREATED BY THESE FEARFUL BEINGS, EXPERIENCED THE AWFUL HORRORS OF THE NETHERMOST PITS OF HELL. ALL THEY ASK IS THAT YOU READ WITH AN OPEN MIND OF THE THINGS THAT EVEN THEY FIND HARD TO BELIEVE, NOW THAT THE TERROR IS PAST....

FROM THE JOURNAL OF JONATHAN HARKER.

PART ONE

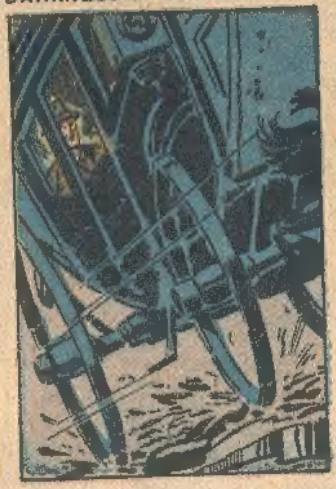
THE FIRST INKLING I HAD OF THE STRANGE AND TERRIFYING EVENTS THAT WERE ABOUT TO OVERTAKE ME CAME AS I WAITED IN BORGO PASS FOR THE CARRIAGE OF COUNT DRACULA TO PICK ME UP...


SEE? THERE IS NO CARRIAGE HERE. THE HERR IS NOT EXPECTED, AFTER ALL. LET US GO ON TO BUKOVINA!
NO, I MUST WAIT. MY LETTER FROM THE COUNT SAID I WOULD BE MET HERE.

THEN TAKE THIS, HERR HARKER. IT IS ST. GEORGE'S EVE. AT MIDNIGHT ALL THE EVIL THINGS OF THE WORLD HAVE FULL SWAY. TAKE IT. IT WILL PROTECT YOU!
I'M SURE I WILL NOT NEED IT, BUT THANK YOU, ANYWAY.

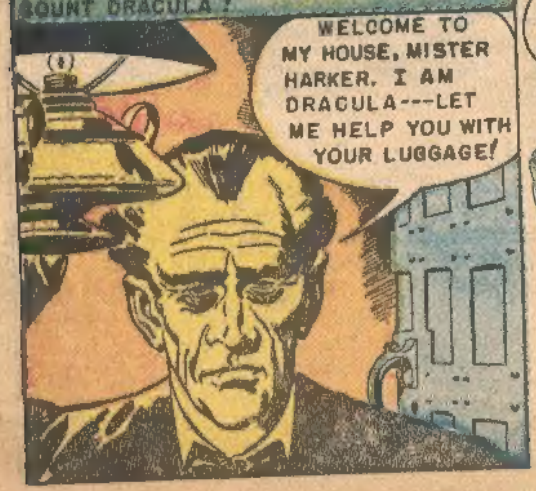
SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THE BLACKNESS CAME A COAL-BLACK CARRIAGE PULLED BY COAL-BLACK HORSES AND DRIVEN BY A STRANGE-LOOKING MAN...

A MOMENT LATER WE GALLOPED OFF INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE PASS...



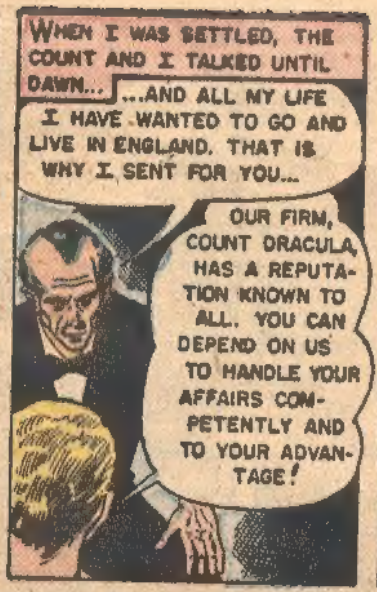
HIGH INTO THE GRIM MOUNTAINS WE RODE, THE WIND MOANING AND WHISTLING ABOUT US. TWO HOURS LATER, WE PULLED UP IN THE COURTYARD OF A VAST, RUINED CASTLE...

BEHIND ME THE CARRIAGE RATTLED AWAY INTO A DARK PASSAGE. A MINUTE LATER THE HUGE DOOR CREAKED OPEN TO REVEAL COUNT DRACULA!



NAY, SIR, YOU ARE MY GUEST! LET ME SEE TO YOUR COMFORT MYSELF. ENTER FREELY AND OF YOUR OWN WILL!
THANK YOU.-- THE JOURNEY HAS BEEN LONG!

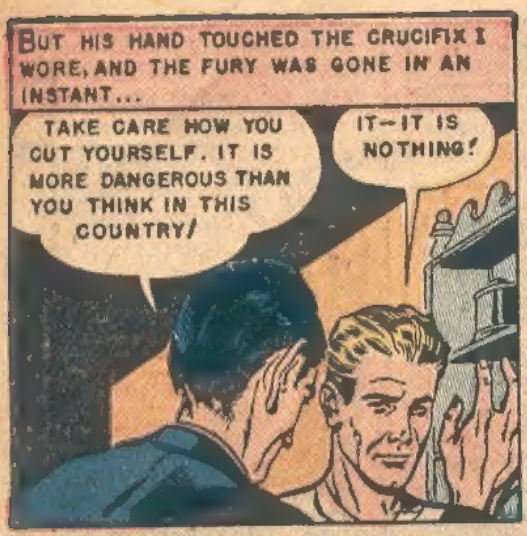
COME, I WILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR ROOM... LISTEN TO THE WOLVES! THE CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT... WHAT MUSIC THEY MAKE!
TO ME IT IS NOT MUSIC. IT IS THE SOUND OF EVIL!

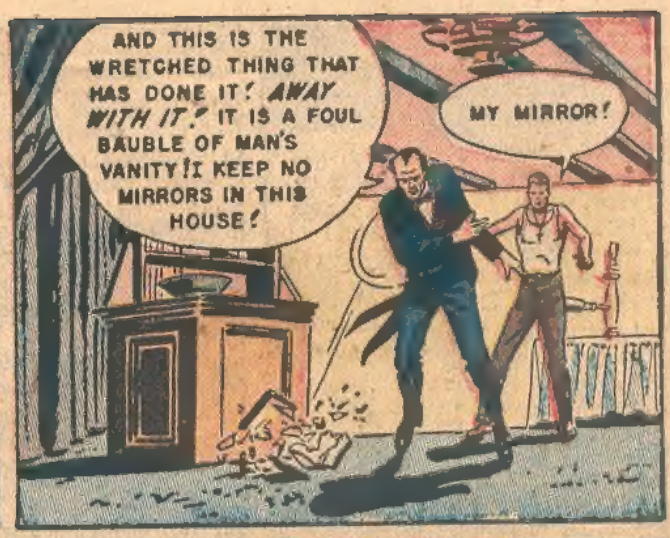

WHEN I WAS SETTLED, THE COUNT AND I TALKED UNTIL DAWN...
...AND ALL MY LIFE I HAVE WANTED TO GO AND LIVE IN ENGLAND. THAT IS WHY I SENT FOR YOU...
OUR FIRM, COUNT DRACULA, HAS A REPUTATION KNOWN TO ALL. YOU CAN DEPEND ON US TO HANDLE YOUR AFFAIRS COMPETENTLY AND TO YOUR ADVANTAGE!

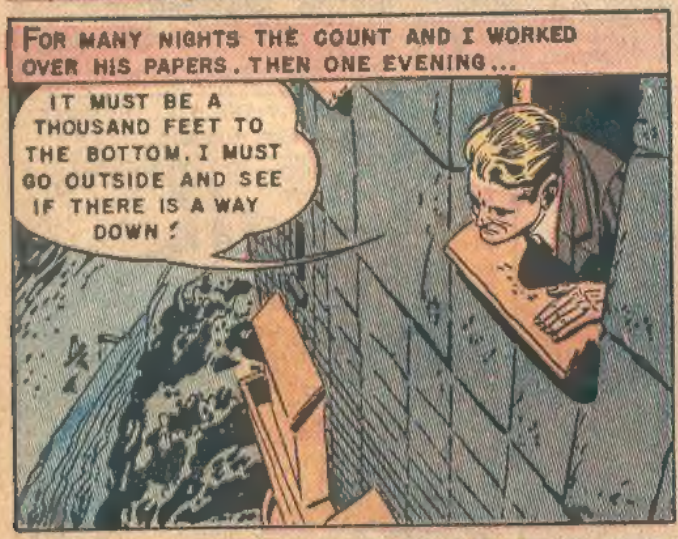
THAT IS WHY I HIRED YOU. IT IS THERE I WISH TO SETTLE. TELL ME OF THE HOUSE YOU HAVE PROCURED FOR ME.
IT IS AN OLD ESTATE CALLED CARFAX AND IS AT PURFLEET. IT IS ALONE AND VERY ANCIENT. THERE IS ONLY ONE HOUSE NEAR IT...A LARGE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

COCK A DOODLE DOOO.
GOOD. I AM GLAD IT IS OLD AND BIG. I AM GLAD TO HEAR THERE IS A CHAPEL FOR THE DEAD. I WOULD... WHY, IT IS MORNING! I MUST LEAVE...AND YOU MUST BE TIRED. GOOD NIGHT, SIR.
...ER, GOOD NIGHT, COUNT DRACULA.

AS I TURNED TO FACE THE COUNT, A STRANGE THING HAPPENED! HIS EYES BLAZING WITH DEMONIC FURY, HE GRABBED FOR MY THROAT!

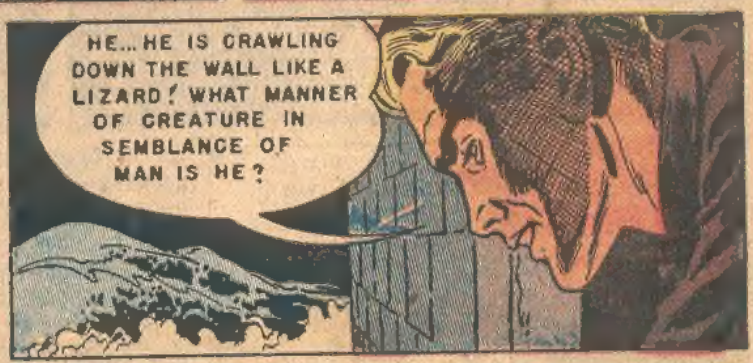

BUT HIS HAND TOUCHED THE CRUCIFIX I WORE, AND THE FURY WAS GONE IN AN INSTANT...
TAKE CARE HOW YOU CUT YOURSELF. IT IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN YOU THINK IN THIS COUNTRY!
IT—IT IS NOTHING!

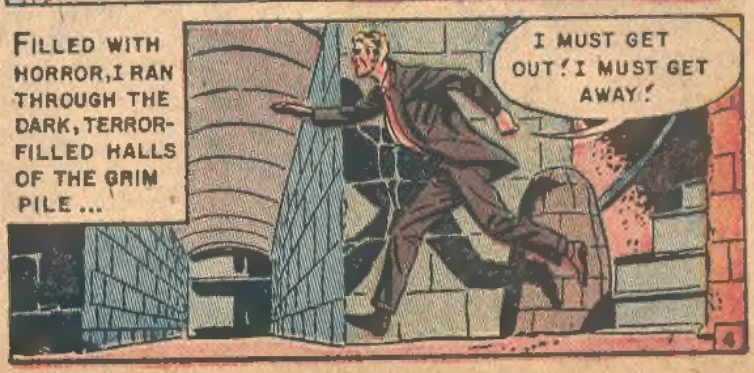

AND THIS IS THE WRETCHED THING THAT HAS DONE IT! AWAY WITH IT! IT IS A FOUL BAUBLE OF MAN'S VANITY! I KEEP NO MIRRORS IN THIS HOUSE!
MY MIRROR!


FOR MANY NIGHTS THE COUNT AND I WORKED OVER HIS PAPERS. THEN ONE EVENING...
IT MUST BE A THOUSAND FEET TO THE BOTTOM. I MUST GO OUTSIDE AND SEE IF THERE IS A WAY DOWN!

BUT WHEN I TRIED TO GO OUTSIDE, I FOUND EVERY DOOR LOCKED!
DOORS! DOORS! HUNDREDS OF THEM AND ALL LOCKED. I AM A PRISONER!

THAT EVENING I STARED OUT OF MY WINDOW AT THE TERRIBLE DROP, WONDERING IF I WOULD EVER BE ABLE TO LEAVE!
WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN INTO? WHAT IS THE MYSTERY BEHIND THE COUNT? I MUST—IT IS HE!


HE... HE IS CRAWLING DOWN THE WALL LIKE A LIZARD! WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE IN SEMBLANCE OF MAN IS HE?


FILLED WITH HORROR, I RAN THROUGH THE DARK, TERROR-FILLED HALLS OF THE GRIM PILE...
I MUST GET OUT! I MUST GET AWAY!

SOMEHOW I GOT INTO A DISUSED PASSAGE, AND AT THE TOP OF THE CRUMBLING STAIRWAY...

IT OPENS! I CAN GET AWAY!

BUT IT LED ONLY TO A SUITE OF ROOMS THAT MUST HAVE BEEN OCCUPIED BY THE LADIES IN BYGONE DAYS...

I AM LOST! I WILL NEVER, NEVER LEAVE HERE ALIVE!

MY FRANTIC RAGE THROUGH THE GRIM RUIN HAD EXHAUSTED ME. SPENT, I SANK DOWN ON A COUCH TO REST...

I MUST BE CALM. IF ONLY I COULD GET A LETTER OUT! POOR MINA, BACK IN ENGLAND. HOW WORRIED SHE MUST BE...NO WORD, NOTHING!

I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP, BUT WHAT I SAW WAS STARTLINGLY REAL. IT CANNOT HAVE BEEN TRUE SLEEP...

GO ON. YOU ARE FIRST. YOURS IS THE RIGHT TO BEGIN!

HE IS YOUNG AND STRONG. THERE IS ENOUGH FOR ALL!

FROM BENEATH MY LASHES I SAW THE FAIR-HAIRED GIRL KNEEL BY MY SIDE. HER SHARP, WHITE TEETH BRUSHED MY THROAT...

I MUST GET UP! NO, IT DOESN'T MATTER...

AT THAT MOMENT...

OHHH!

HOW DARE YOU TOUCH HIM? ANY OF YOU! I TELL YOU ALL, THIS MAN BELONGS TO ME! BEWARE HOW YOU MEDDLE WITH HIM OR YOU'LL DEAL WITH DRACULA!

YOU! YOU HAVE NEVER LOVED!

THE HORROR FINALLY OVERCAME ME AND I SANK BACK, UNCONSCIOUS. WHEN I CAME TO I WAS IN MY OWN ROOM...

IN THE NEXT DAYS THE COUNT QUESTIONED ME ABOUT ENGLAND--- ITS CUSTOMS, ITS PEOPLE, THE LANGUAGE. I SHUDDERED! I WAS HELPING TO TRANSFER *HIM* TO LONDON, WHERE HE MIGHT SATIATE HIS BLOOD LUST AND CREATE AN EVER-WIDENING CIRCLE OF SEMI-DEMONS TO FATTEN ON THE HELPLESS!

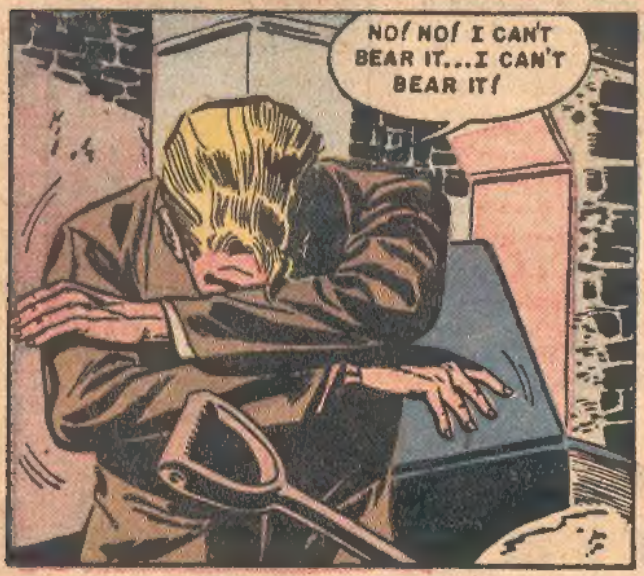
THE THOUGHT DROVE ME TO EVEN MORE FRENZIED EFFORTS TO ESCAPE. ONE DAY I CLIMBED DOWN TO DRACULA'S OWN ROOM---
PERHAPS IN THE ROOM HE CAME OUT OF I MIGHT FIND A KEY TO THE GREAT DOOR---

ODD, I WOULD HAVE SWORN THIS WAS HIS ROOM. YET IT LOOKS AS THOUGH IT WERE NEVER USED...THAT DOOR ---THOSE STEPS--THEY MAY LEAD TO AN EXIT---

BUT IT LED, INSTEAD, TO THE VAULTS BELOW THE CASTLE--THE GRAVEYARD OF THE DRACULAS...

I'LL RID THE WORLD OF THIS MONSTER IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

BUT AS I BROUGHT THE SHOVEL DOWN, HIS FACE TURNED TOWARD ME! SUCH A LOOK OF MALICE AND EVIL I HAVE NEVER SEEN!
AAAHHH! NO!


NO! NO! I CAN'T BEAR IT... I CAN'T BEAR IT!

WHEN I HAD REGAINED CONTROL I RAN TO MY ROOM. I STAYED THERE UNTIL THE NEXT DAY. A NEW SHOCK AWAITED ME--- THE COUNT WAS BEING MOVED!
HELP! HELP! YOU MUST LISTEN! HELP!

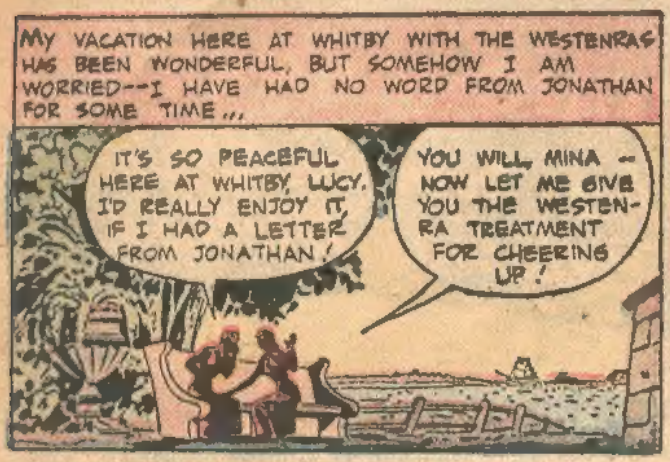
THEY DON'T HEAR ME... OR THEY WON'T HEAR ME... THE COUNT IS GOING TO ENGLAND! AND I CAN'T STOP HIM!

THEY ARE GONE— HE DIDN'T KILL ME! HE LEFT ME HERE— WHY?

SUDDENLY, I KNEW WHY...
HIS PROMISE! I AM ALONE WITH THOSE DEMON WOMEN! THOSE DEVILS OF THE PIT! WHAT SHALL I DO?....

PART TWO

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MINA MURRAY...


MY VACATION HERE AT WHITBY WITH THE WESTENRAS HAS BEEN WONDERFUL, BUT SOMEHOW I AM WORRIED--I HAVE HAD NO WORD FROM JONATHAN FOR SOME TIME...
IT'S SO PEACEFUL HERE AT WHITBY, LUCY. I'D REALLY ENJOY IT, IF I HAD A LETTER FROM JONATHAN!
YOU WILL, MINA -- NOW LET ME GIVE YOU THE WESTENRA TREATMENT FOR CHEERING UP!

COME, I'LL SHOW YOU SOME OF THE THINGS THE TOWN IS FAMOUS FOR...BY THE WAY, WE'RE HAVING A PARTY TONIGHT FOR DOCTOR SEWARD. HE'S THE DIRECTOR OF THE ASYLUM NEAR HERE!
ALL RIGHT, LUCY. I'LL TRY NOT TO BE A KILL-JOY!

THE PARTY WAS GREAT FUN, AND FOR A WHILE I FORGOT MY FEARS...
MINA, THIS IS DR. SEWARD, AND THIS IS ARTHUR HOLMWOOD, MY FIANCÉ--GENTLEMEN, MINNA MURRAY!
HOW DO YOU DO, MISS MURRAY!
IT IS A PLEASURE.

AND THIS IS QUINCY MORRIS, A FRIEND FROM AMERICA...QUINCY, MEET MINA MURRAY!
GLAD TO MEET YOU, MISS MURRAY! MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF THE NEXT DANCE?

THIS EVENING, AFTER THE PARTY, I WENT TO LUCY'S ROOM TO TELL HER HOW MUCH FUN I HAD, WHEN...
MRS. WESTENRA!
THE DOOR IS LOCKED. DON'T WAKE HER!

LOCKED? BUT, WHY?
OH, MINA! LUCY HAS TAKEN TO WALKING IN HER SLEEP! I'M AFRAID SHE'LL LEAVE THE HOUSE SOME NIGHT AND WALK OVER A CLIFF OR SOMETHING!

NOW! NOW! SHE'LL BE SAFE. DON'T WORRY. I'LL TALK TO HER IN THE MORNING!
HER FATHER SUFFERED FROM THE SAME HABIT. I'M SO AFRAID SHE'LL BE AWAKENED SOME NIGHT WHEN WALKING. THE SHOCK MIGHT KILL HER!

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, A STRANGE OCCURENCE TOOK PLACE THAT DROVE EVERYTHING ELSE FROM MY MIND...

ISN'T THAT SHIP BEHAVING QUEERLY? WHAT IS SHE?

SEEMS TO BE A RUSSIAN. WHOEVER IS STEERING HER DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN MIND. DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW WHETHER HE IS COMING OR GOING!

IF I WERE THEM, I'D GET TO PORT IN A HURRY! THIS STILL, QUIET WEATHER GIVES ME THE CREEPS. SOMETHING IS BREWING!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE AIR! SOMETHING THAT TASTES, SOUNDS, AND LOOKS LIKE... DEATH!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ONE OF THE GREATEST STORMS EVER TO HIT THIS AREA AROSE WITH TERRIBLE SUDDENNESS... LUCY AND I TOOK REFUGE IN THE COAST GUARD STATION...

LOOK! THAT SHIP WE SAW-- IT'S SINKING!

SHE'LL NEVER REACH THE HARBOR IN THIS HURRICANE!

MAY I BORROW THOSE GLASSES?

SHE SEEMS TO BE HEADING RIGHT, NOW! MAYBE SHE WILL MAKE IT, AFTER ALL!

AS I LOOKED THROUGH THE GLASSES A SEARCHLIGHT SWEPT OVER THE VESSEL. WHAT I SAW BROUGHT A CRY OF FRIGHT TO MY LIPS...

IT WAS A DEAD MAN LASHED TO THE WHEEL!

IT'S A DERELICT! YET IT IS COMING INTO THE HARBOR AS THOUGH ACTUALLY GUIDED BY A LIVING HAND-- AND IN THIS STORM!

THEN, AS WE WATCHED, THE SHIP RUSHED ACROSS THE HARBOR TOWARD THE SHORE AS IF DRIVEN BY AN UNSEEN FORCE...

A MOMENT LATER SHE PITCHED ONTO THE ROCKY SHORE WITH A TREMENDOUS CRASH!

CRAAASH

THEN, AS WE WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT, A STILL STRANGER THING TOOK PLACE! AN IMMENSE BLACK DOG LEAPT FROM THE STRICKEN VESSEL'S SIDE...

AND, UNERRINGLY, RAN UP THE SIDE OF WHITBY CLIFF TO DISAPPEAR IN THE GRAVEYARD ABOVE!

NEXT DAY THE TOWN TALKED OF NOTHING BUT THE WRECK. LUCY AND I SAW THE FUNERAL OF THE STRANGER, THE ONLY ONE ABOARD THE MYSTERIOUS VESSEL...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LUCY? EVER SINCE THAT SHIP WAS DRIVEN ASHORE YOU'VE BEEN RESTLESS...

RESTLESS? I? I.. I'M ALL RIGHT. I GUESS IT'S JUST THE EXCITEMENT!

POOR FELLOW. I WONDER WHO HE WAS? SOMEHOW I FEEL SO SORRY FOR HIM...

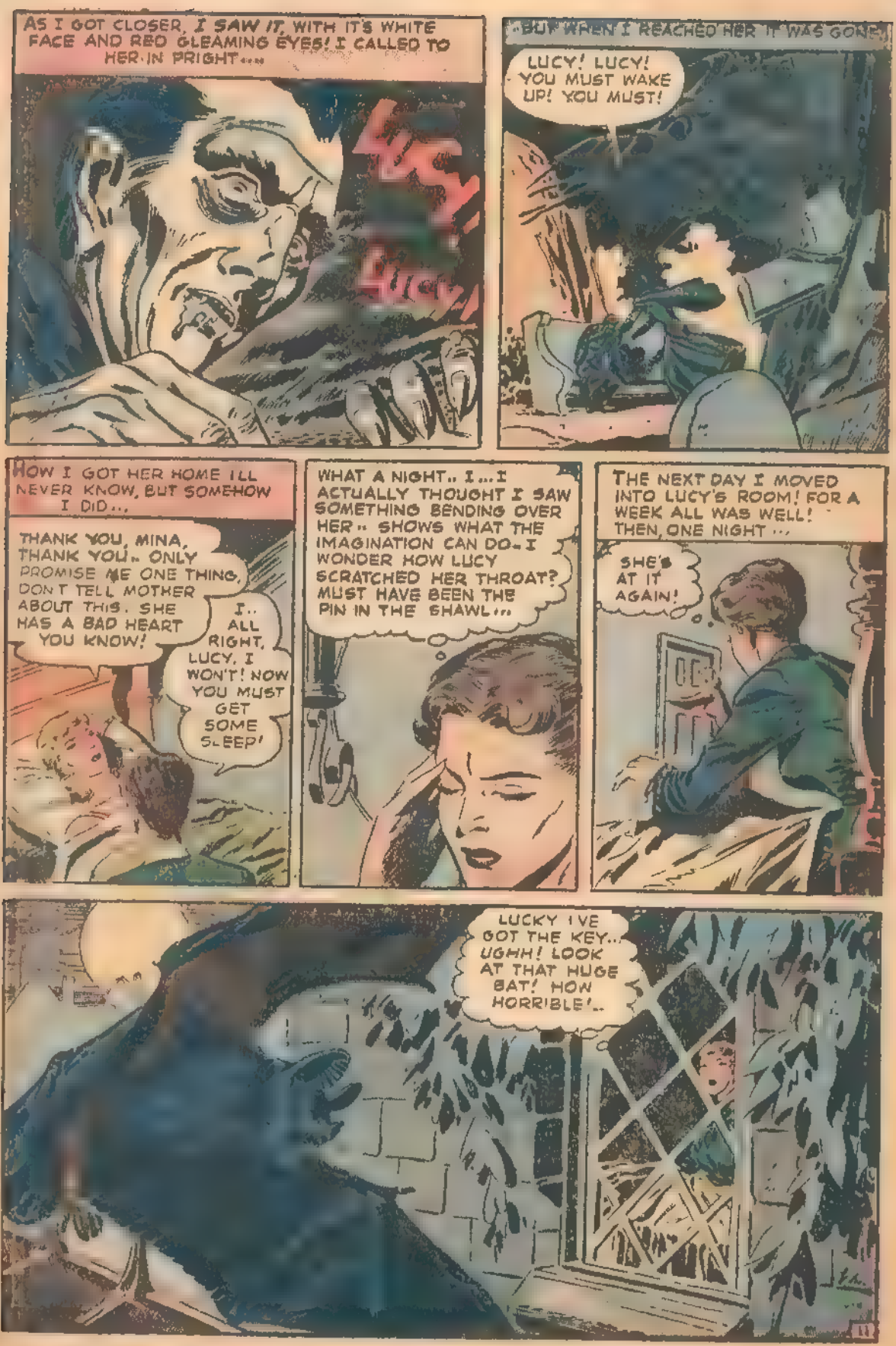
I'M AFRAID WE SHALL NEVER KNOW. THIS IS ANOTHER OF THOSE UNSOLVABLE MYSTERIES OF THE SEA...LET'S GO HOME, DEAR!

TONIGHT SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT FRIGHTENED ME TERRIBLY. I AWOKE TO HEAR THE DOOR CLOSE. LOOKING OUT MY WINDOW I SAW LUCY GOING DOWN THE ROAD IN HER NIGHTGOWN...

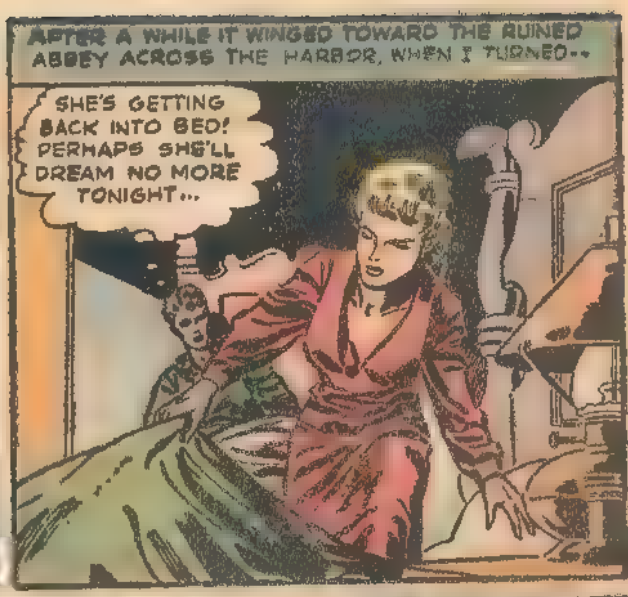
I MUST BRING HER BACK!

I RACED AFTER HER, CATCHING UP WITH HER AT THE BENCH NEAR WHITBY GRAVEYARD...

THERE SHE IS! ...WHAT'S THAT BENDING OVER HER?


AS I GOT CLOSER, I SAW IT, WITH IT'S WHITE FACE AND RED GLEAMING EYES! I CALLED TO HER IN FRIGHT....
LUCY!
LUCY!
..BUT WHEN I REACHED HER IT WAS GONE!
LUCY! LUCY! YOU MUST WAKE UP! YOU MUST!
HOW I GOT HER HOME I'LL NEVER KNOW, BUT SOMEHOW I DID...
THANK YOU, MINA, THANK YOU.. ONLY PROMISE ME ONE THING, DON'T TELL MOTHER ABOUT THIS. SHE HAS A BAD HEART YOU KNOW!
I.. ALL RIGHT, LUCY. I WON'T! NOW YOU MUST GET SOME SLEEP!
WHAT A NIGHT.. I...I ACTUALLY THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING BENDING OVER HER.. SHOWS WHAT THE IMAGINATION CAN DO.. I WONDER HOW LUCY SCRATCHED HER THROAT? MUST HAVE BEEN THE PIN IN THE SHAWL...
THE NEXT DAY I MOVED INTO LUCY'S ROOM! FOR A WEEK ALL WAS WELL! THEN, ONE NIGHT ...
SHE'S AT IT AGAIN!
LUCKY I'VE GOT THE KEY.. UGHH! LOOK AT THAT HUGE BAT! HOW HORRIBLE!..

WHY,.IT ACTUALLY SEEMS TO BE TRYING TO GET IN! UGH!

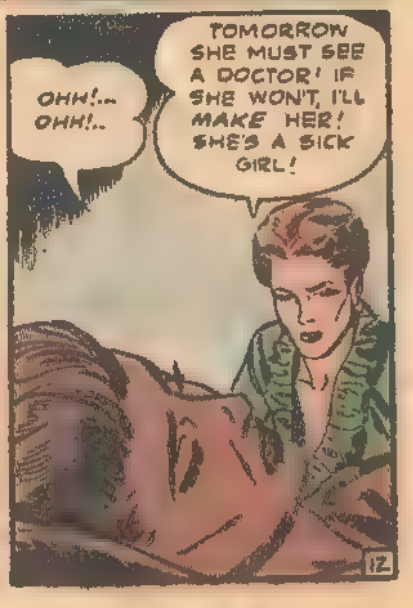

AFTER A WHILE IT WINGED TOWARD THE RUINED ABBEY ACROSS THE HARBOR, WHEN I TURNED--
SHE'S GETTING BACK INTO BED! PERHAPS SHE'LL DREAM NO MORE TONIGHT...

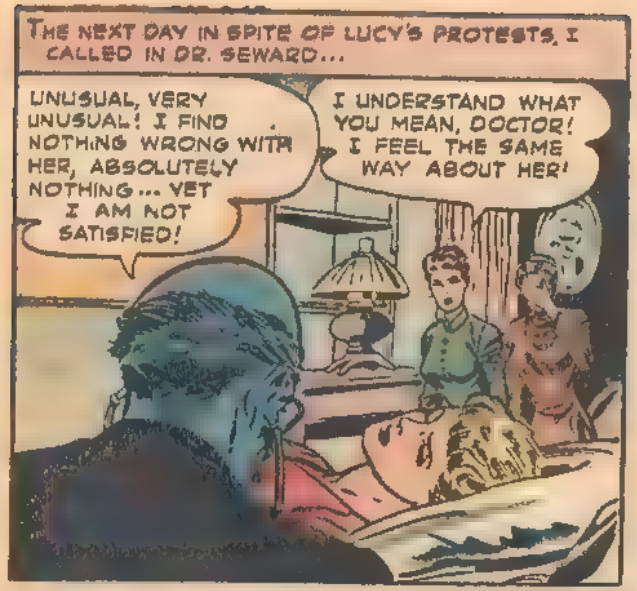
LUCY SEEMED BETTER UNTIL THIS AFTERNOON! WE WERE COMING HOME PAST THE OLD GRAVEYARD AT SUNDOWN, WHEN ...
HIS RED EYES AGAIN! THEY ARE JUST THE SAME!..
WHAT AN ODD THING TO SAY! YET THAT MAN'S EYES DO LOOK RED! I GUESS IT'S THE LIGHT ...

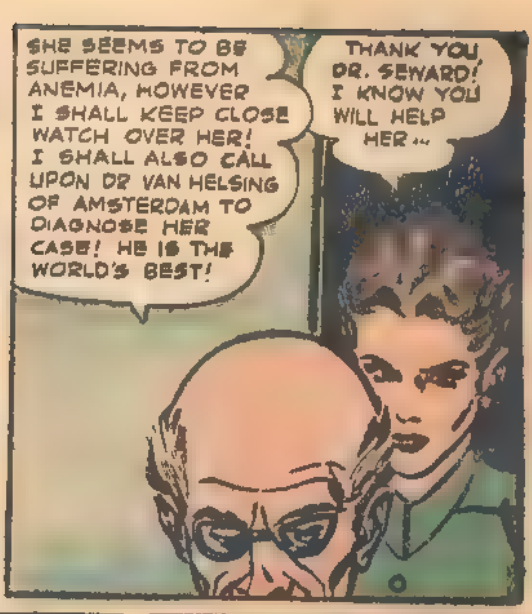
WE'D BETTER HURRY, LUCY! WE'RE LATE FOR TEA!
YES— LATE... VERY LATE... FOR TEA—

LUCY SEEMS TO BE GETTING WEAKER AND WEAKER! LAST NIGHT I FOUND HER IN A FAINT AT THE WINDOW...
LUCY! LUCY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT!.. OH, DEAR, SHE'S FAINTED!

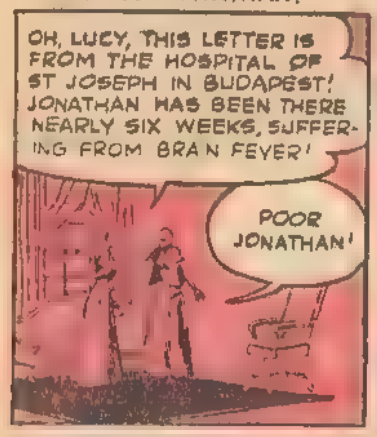
I'VE GOT TO GET HER TO BED!.. WHY, THAT'S STRANGE! THOSE MARKS ON HER THROAT ARE STILL THERE! THE WOUNDS NEVER HEALED!


OHH!... OHH!..
TOMORROW SHE MUST SEE A DOCTOR! IF SHE WON'T, I'LL MAKE HER! SHE'S A SICK GIRL!

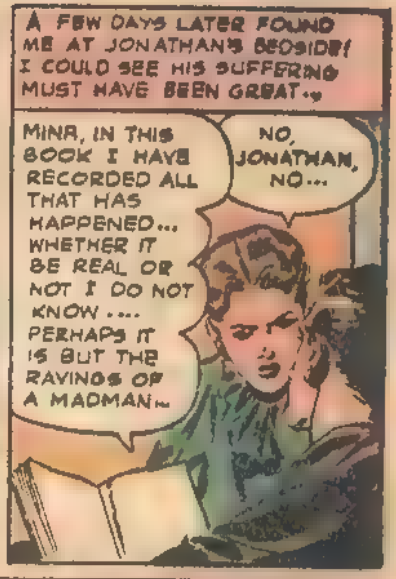

THE NEXT DAY IN SPITE OF LUCY'S PROTESTS, I CALLED IN DR. SEWARD...
UNUSUAL, VERY UNUSUAL! I FIND NOTHING WRONG WITH HER, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING... YET I AM NOT SATISFIED!
I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU MEAN, DOCTOR! I FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT HER!

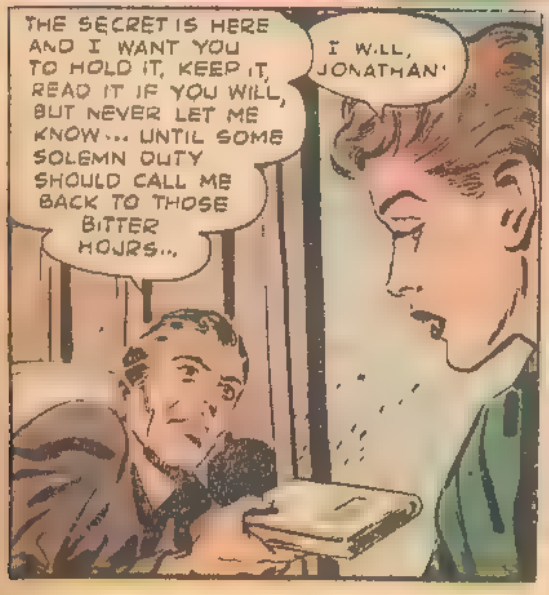

SHE SEEMS TO BE SUFFERING FROM ANEMIA, HOWEVER I SHALL KEEP CLOSE WATCH OVER HER! I SHALL ALSO CALL UPON DR VAN HELSING OF AMSTERDAM TO DIAGNOSE HER CASE! HE IS THE WORLD'S BEST!
THANK YOU, DR. SEWARD! I KNOW YOU WILL HELP HER...

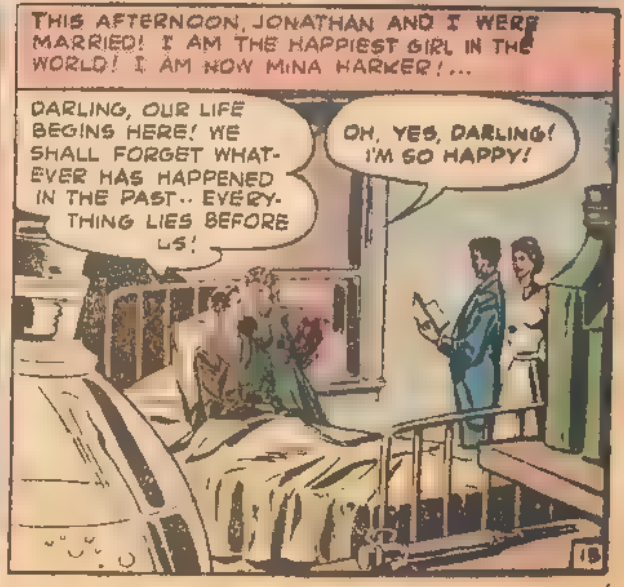
IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS LUCY SEEMED TO RECOVER COMPLETELY! THEN CAME NEWS THAT DROVE EVERYTHING ELSE OUT OF MY MIND ..WORD OF JONATHAN!


OH, LUCY, THIS LETTER IS FROM THE HOSPITAL OF ST JOSEPH IN BUDAPEST! JONATHAN HAS BEEN THERE NEARLY SIX WEEKS, SUFFERING FROM BRAIN FEVER!
POOR JONATHAN!

IT SAYS HE HAS HAD SOME FEARFUL SHOCK.. THAT HE WAS BROUGHT IN RAVING OF WOLVES, GHOSTS AND DEMONS, POISON AND BLOOD.. OH, I MUST GO TO HIM AT ONCE!
OF COURSE!


A FEW DAYS LATER FOUND ME AT JONATHAN'S BEDSIDE! I COULD SEE HIS SUFFERING MUST HAVE BEEN GREAT..
MINA, IN THIS BOOK I HAVE RECORDED ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED... WHETHER IT BE REAL OR NOT I DO NOT KNOW.... PERHAPS IT IS BUT THE RAVINGS OF A MADMAN...
NO, JONATHAN, NO...


THE SECRET IS HERE AND I WANT YOU TO HOLD IT, KEEP IT, READ IT IF YOU WILL, BUT NEVER LET ME KNOW... UNTIL SOME SOLEMN DUTY SHOULD CALL ME BACK TO THOSE BITTER HOURS...
I WILL, JONATHAN!


THIS AFTERNOON, JONATHAN AND I WERE MARRIED! I AM THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD! I AM NOW MINA HARKER!...
DARLING, OUR LIFE BEGINS HERE! WE SHALL FORGET WHATEVER HAS HAPPENED IN THE PAST.. EVERYTHING LIES BEFORE US!
OH, YES, DARLING! I'M SO HAPPY!

THE MAN WHO COULD READ MINDS!

Lucius (The Great) Lucas was a mental telepathist. Though he was very successful as a carny attraction, he was an arrogant, egotistic little man—homely, thin, and distinctly unpleasant. He made his living purporting to read people's minds. Actually, Lucius was a faze. He had a plant in his audience and usually had a thorough biography on any person who came before him.

The way it worked was this. Lucius' assistant, a sly cripple named Tony, did the proper research and tipped Lucas off as to which clients he should take. Then Tony told Lucius, whatever was necessary through a pair of earphones secreted in Lucius' giant Hindu turban. Tony specialized in juicy town gossip and as a consequence, Lucius' revelations about each customer's past always brought an astonished gasp from the audience who paid 75¢ apiece to watch Lucius read the human mind! Altogether a neat little con stunt. Really, Lucius wouldn't know what to do without Tony. Without Tony, he could—(no pun intended)—lose his mind

But Tony knew this—and hesitated very little about hurting Lucius' feelings. Tony enjoyed taunting Lucius, calling him a great phoney—and threatening to take off and never come back to his employ. Other times he angered Lucius in the extreme, by threatening to expose Lucius as a fake—and thereby become the instrument of Lucius' disgrace and destruction. Lucius would be sure to wind up in jail!

Lucius was trapped—and he knew it. He couldn't stand living with Tony under the same tent. And yet—he couldn't live *without* him, either. It was quite a nasty little dilemma. But one night, the problem got solved. Not pleasantly. But solved, in any case. Tony got blind drunk, as was his wont after closing Saturday night—and began to mock Lucius about exposing Lucius to the world. "I'm goin' right down to the cops an' I'm tellin' 'em how you hoodwink the people!"

Tony tore out of the tent into the driving rain that had been falling all night. Lucius, his heart pounding, raced after Tony, shouting that he'd kill him if he didn't come back! But Tony laughed and stumbled into the woods as a short cut to town. Lucius followed close on his heels. His rage was so great, he pulled a pen knife from his pocket and launched himself through the air at Tony. He brought Tony down—and in an access of blind hatred stabbed the screaming cripple again and again with the short knife. Tony shrieked like a stuck pig and rolled over the ground with Lucius. Lucius' head struck a tree trunk and suddenly everything went black.

When he came to, his head was throbbing, the rain was padding down on his face and Tony was lying dead beside him. His mind cleared in an instant. He ran back to the tent, grabbed a shovel, and returned to the woods. An hour later, Tony was buried—and Lucius was minus an assistant. But that was all right with him. He'd have to clear out anyway. On the other hand, the carny people knew Tony often threatened Lucius about running out on him. Maybe they'd think Tony had finally made good his threat! Lucius smiled.

But a strange thing happened when he got back to carny wagons and told the manager that Tony had run off. He saw the sneer on the manager's *face*—but he also saw MORE than the sneer. He saw the manager's *MIND!* He saw him *THINKING*, "This little fake is all washed up without Tony! Tony helped him with his cheap, mind-reading stunt!" Lucius was shocked! He thought wildly! That BLOW on his head!—When he'd struck the tree trunk! —It had DONE something to his *brain!* Lucius repeated the manager's thought aloud...every word of it! The manager stared at him. "H-How did you know I thought THAT?" he gasped. Lucius smiled:

"I read your mind! Didn't you know reading minds was my BUSINESS?!"

On his way back to his tent he met the ringmaster. The ringmaster was thinking: "Here comes that little rat, Lucius! I hate the sight of him!" So Lucius stopped the ringmaster and repeated aloud, mockingly, what the ringmaster had thought of him. The ringmaster turned pale. It was on the level—Lucius the Great *COULD* read minds!

That's the turn fortune took. Lucius had murdered a man, suffered a blow on the head, and somehow—he knew not how—he'd become a GENUINE mind reader! Lucius was now in his glory. The dawn of a new career stretched before him! This was his reward for murdering Tony! Fame, fortune...anything in the world he wanted!

The crowds flocked in droves to Lucius' tent. He read each mind thoroughly—and without any help—except from his own brain cells! His reputation spread. One day, the police chief of a town came to Lucius and invited him to read the mind of a criminal held for murder in the city jail. Lucius sat in the same cell with the accused, concentrated hard, and in an hour formed a complete picture of the way the accused had murdered his victim, where he hid the money, and where he buried the murder weapon! The police chief checked Lucius' story and sure enough, it was all as Lucius had said!

Lucius' fame spread from one end of the country to the other. He quit the carnival despite all the manager's pleas. Lucius was resentful. He could earn fantastic sums of money outside! He was hired by rich men to read the minds of their business competitors. By jealous men to find out what their wives were thinking. By criminals to learn the combination of victims' safes. Lucius didn't care who employed him as long as they paid him his price. Lucius was in a fair way to become the richest, most notorious man in the world. He even turned to blackmailing to build his fortune!

But Lucius wasn't the only evil man in the world. At the other end of town, living in a dirty, evil-smelling, slum flophouse, was a half-demented gangster named Joe Roca. Roca had a gun and a trigger finger...but he had no mind to figure out big jobs. One night, there came a knock on Roca's door. Joe flung open the cracked portal and there stood a small man in the darkness who asked Joe if he wouldn't like to make $1,000,000 just from one stickup. Joe saw nothing wrong with this and went along with the stranger.

Lucius, dressed in a fancy velvet dressing gown and silk slippers, was just putting another ten thousand dollars into his large house vault when he heard a step behind him. There stood two masked men. One, Joe Roca, had a gun. "Open that safe or I'll kill you," snapped Roca. But Lucius, the money in his hand, was busy reading Joe Roca's mind.

Roca's mind was thinking: "I hope Lucas doesn't realize this gun isn't loaded. He could go for his own gun and kill me. He mustn't know my gun isn't loaded."

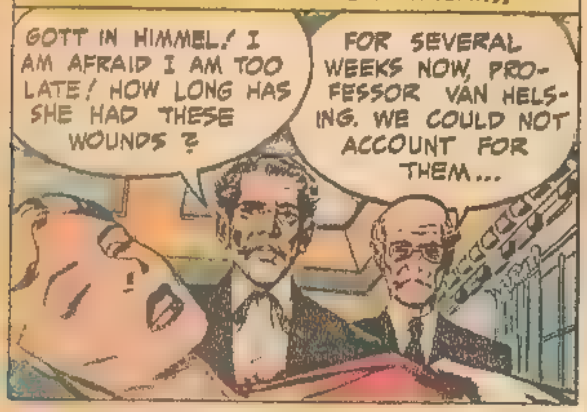
Lucius grinned to himself. He had this fool! Instead of obeying Roca, Lucius lunged for the gun in his desk drawer, leering "I can read your mind, you idiot! Your gun isn't loaded! Pull your trigger! Who cares!"

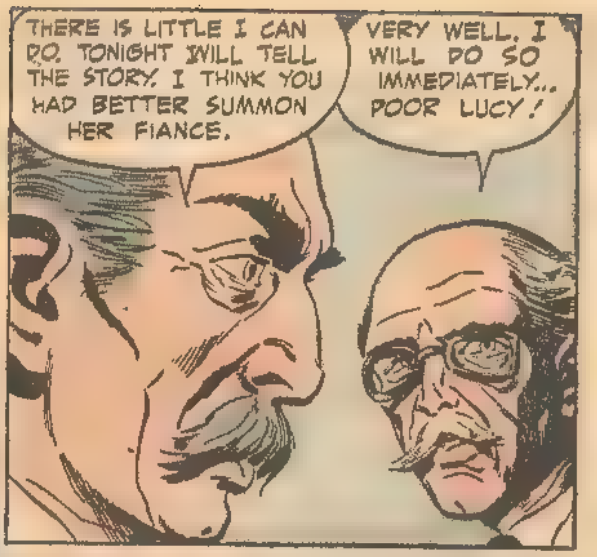
Whereupon the Snarling Roca PULLED his trigger and the gun *went off!*—A stabbing orange flame caught Lucius in the chest and he fell, mortally wounded! Roca's accomplice ran off, but the police trapped the stupid killer, Roca, outside, cornered him, clubbed him into submission, and carried him off in a straight-jacket. As Lucius took his last breathe of life, he was astonished to hear a policeman say that Roca was completely *mad*—an escapee from a lunatic asylum! With a groan, Lucius realized his mistake! He *HAD* read Roca's mind correctly—but Roca's mind was the mind of an IDIOT! To Roca's imbecilic mind—his gun WASN'T loaded—when it WAS! Lucius moaned once and died. But the police were puzzled. What about the other man? The man who had come to Roca with the proposition to rob Lucius? He had seemingly disappeared into the night!

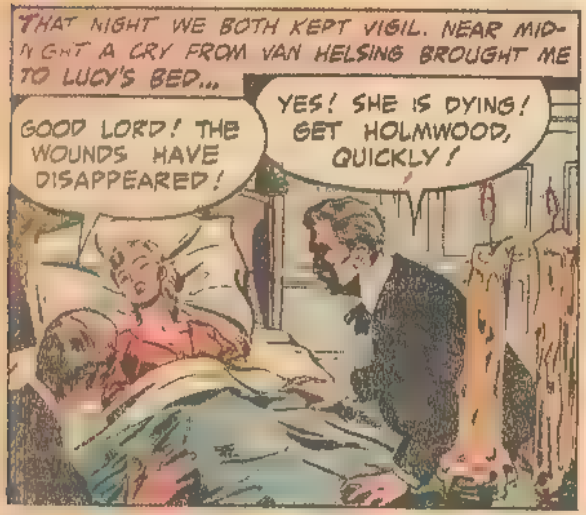
An hour later, a man, cutting across the woods near the scary grounds, saw a pale, limping figure, ghostly white from top to toe, pass before him and disappear into the *ground!* The witness had just left a bar, so he figured he was *seeing* things. He walked along, muttering, "Funny what your mind can imagine! A mad place mucha..."

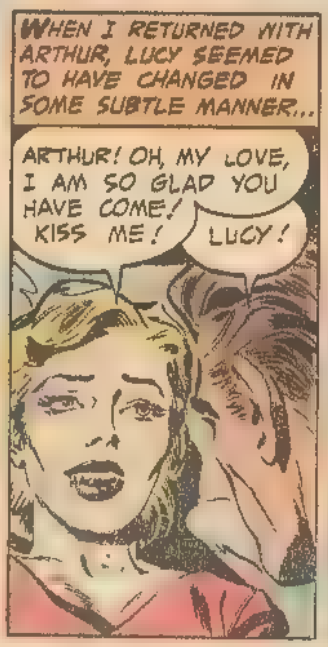
PART THREE

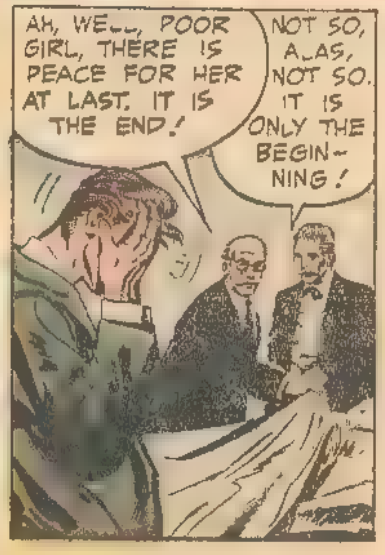
FROM THE JOURNAL OF DR. SEWARD. AFTER MINNA'S DEPARTURE LUCY SEEMED TO GROW WORSE. VAN HELSING FINALLY ARRIVED AND ORDERED AN IMMEDIATE BLOOD TRANSFUSION, BUT TO NO AVAIL... WHEN HE WAS DONE HE EXAMINED HER. IT WAS THEN HE SAW THE MARKS ON HER THROAT...


GOTT IN HIMMEL! I AM AFRAID I AM TOO LATE! HOW LONG HAS SHE HAD THESE WOUNDS?
FOR SEVERAL WEEKS NOW, PROFESSOR VAN HELSING. WE COULD NOT ACCOUNT FOR THEM...

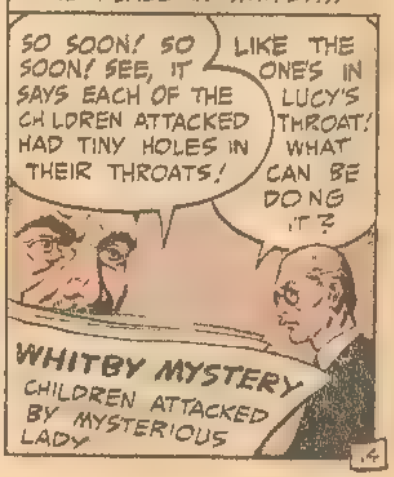

THERE IS LITTLE I CAN DO. TONIGHT WILL TELL THE STORY. I THINK YOU HAD BETTER SUMMON HER FIANCE.
VERY WELL. I WILL DO SO IMMEDIATELY... POOR LUCY!


THAT NIGHT WE BOTH KEPT VIGIL. NEAR MIDNIGHT A CRY FROM VAN HELSING BROUGHT ME TO LUCY'S BED...
GOOD LORD! THE WOUNDS HAVE DISAPPEARED!
YES! SHE IS DYING! GET HOLMWOOD, QUICKLY!


WHEN I RETURNED WITH ARTHUR, LUCY SEEMED TO HAVE CHANGED IN SOME SUBTLE MANNER...
ARTHUR! OH, MY LOVE, I AM SO GLAD YOU HAVE COME! KISS ME!
LUCY!

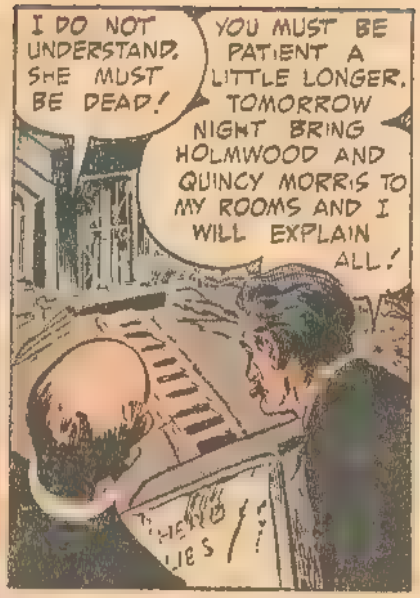


A WEEK AFTER LUCY'S BURIAL STRANGE EVENTS BEGAN TO TAKE PLACE IN WHITBY...

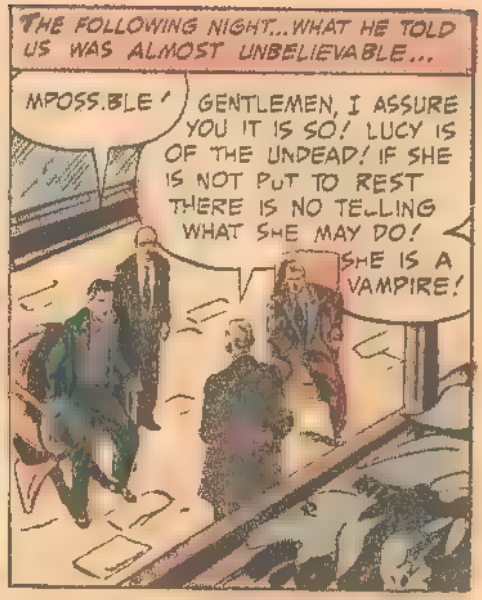

SO SOON! SO SOON! SEE, IT SAYS EACH OF THE CHILDREN ATTACKED HAD TINY HOLES IN THEIR THROATS!
LIKE THE ONE'S IN LUCY'S THROAT! WHAT CAN BE DOING IT?
WHITBY MYSTERY
CHILDREN ATTACKED BY MYSTERIOUS LADY

THEY WERE MADE BY MISS LUCY!
DR. VAN HELSING, ARE YOU MAD?
NO, MY FRIEND. IF WHAT I THINK IS TRUE IT SHALL BE PROVED THIS VERY NIGHT! THIS IS THE KEY THAT LOCKS HER TOMB. WE SHALL GO THERE, IF YOU DARE!
I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY... VERY WELL, I WILL GO!
THAT NIGHT I ACCOMPANIED VAN HELSING ON HIS STRANGE AND FRIGHTENING MISSION...
BE AS QUIET AS YOU CAN. IF WE SHOULD BE FOUND IT WOULD BE HARD TO EXPLAIN.
THERE IS THE WESTENRA TOMB. SOON YOU WILL HAVE PROOF OF WHAT I THINK--THE PROOF OF WHAT YOU ARE AFRAID TO BELIEVE!
OPENING THE OLD TOMB VAN HELSING WENT STRAIGHT TO LUCY'S COFFIN AND SET TO WORK ON IT...
THIS...THIS IS SACRILEGE!
PERHAPS--BUT IT MUST BE DONE. COME HERE AND LOOK!
IT IS EMPTY! I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!
SOON YOU WILL --SOON YOU WILL KNOW OF THE TERRIBLE THING THAT HAS TAKEN LUCY AND HANGS OVER ALL OF US!
WHEN I HAVE RESEALED THE COFFIN WE SHALL GO OUTSIDE AND HIDE. THEN YOU WILL SEE WHAT YOU WILL SEE!
15

RELOCKING THE TOMB WE HID BEHIND A GRAVESTONE... SOON...


I DO NOT UNDERSTAND. SHE MUST BE DEAD!
YOU MUST BE PATIENT A LITTLE LONGER. TOMORROW NIGHT BRING HOLMWOOD AND QUINCY MORRIS TO MY ROOMS AND I WILL EXPLAIN ALL!
HE LIES!

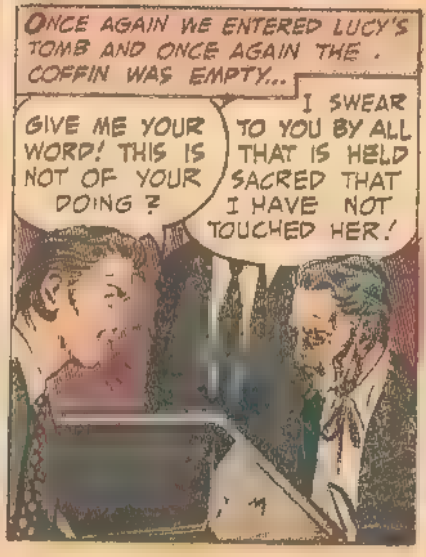
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...WHAT HE TOLD US WAS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE...


IMPOSSIBLE!
GENTLEMEN, I ASSURE YOU IT IS SO! LUCY IS OF THE UNDEAD! IF SHE IS NOT PUT TO REST THERE IS NO TELLING WHAT SHE MAY DO!
SHE IS A VAMPIRE!

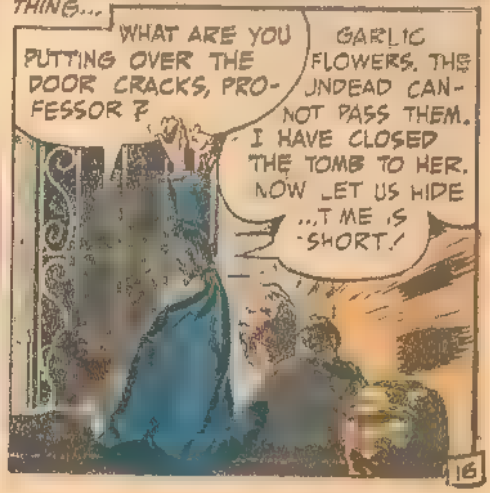
TAKE CARE, SIR. TAKE CARE WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT LUCY!
PLEASE BELIEVE ME. I WOULD NOT HURT YOU...DR. SEWARD HAS ALREADY SEEN, NOW I WOULD PROVE IT TO YOU!
HOW?

BY COMING WITH ME TO HER TOMB AND OPENING HER COFFIN! IF SHE IS DEAD THERE CAN BE NO HARM TO HER...BUT IF SHE IS NOT...
I DON'T KNOW. WHAT TO BELIEVE! ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO! I'LL GO!

ONCE AGAIN WE ENTERED LUCY'S TOMB AND ONCE AGAIN THE COFFIN WAS EMPTY...



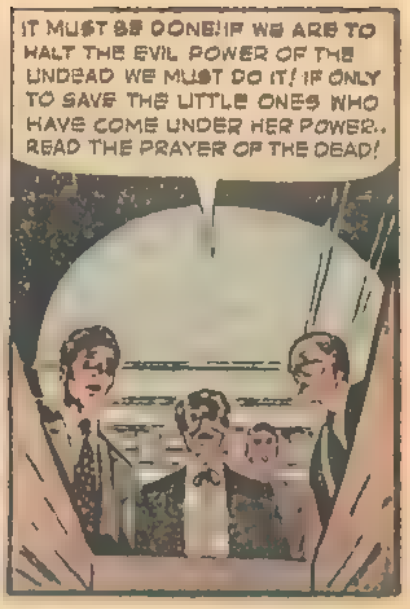
SEALING UP THE COFFIN, VAN HELSING LED US OUTSIDE WHERE HE DID AN ODD THING...

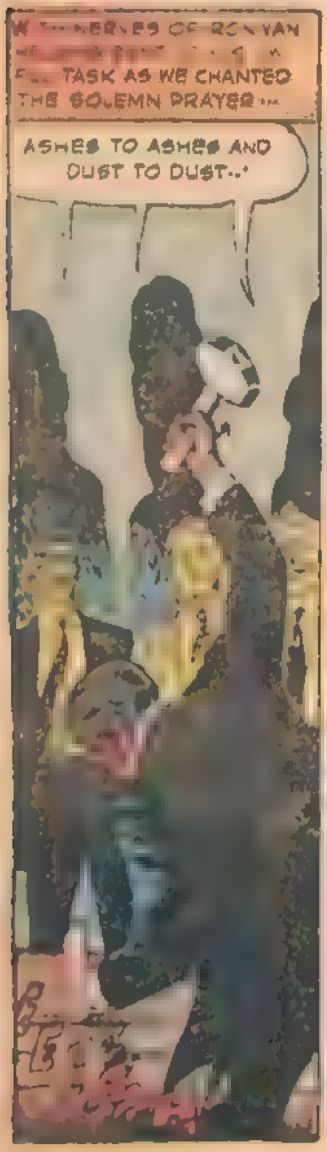

WHAT ARE YOU PUTTING OVER THE DOOR CRACKS, PROFESSOR?
GARLIC FLOWERS. THE UNDEAD CANNOT PASS THEM. I HAVE CLOSED THE TOMB TO HER. NOW LET US HIDE ...TIME IS SHORT!

ONCE MORE WE HID AND WAITED! SOON...
LOOK! SHE COMES AND SHE HAS A CHILD WITH HER!
GOOD LORD! IT IS LUCY!
COME, FOLLOW ME!
ARRGH!
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!
WITH NERVES OF IRON, VAN HELSING FACED THE AWFUL CREATURE
BACK! BACK! CREATURE OF THE UNDEAD!
BUT INSTEAD SHE HELD HER ARMS OUT TO ARTHUR WHO ADVANCED AS THOUGH IN A TRANCE
COME TO ME, ARTHUR! LEAVE THESE OTHERS AND COME TO ME! MY ARMS ARE HUNGRY FOR YOU!
I COME, LUCY — I COME.
NO! NO! YOU SHALL NOT HAVE HIM!
AAHH!
HOLDING THE CRUCIFIX WITH ONE HAND, VAN HELSING QUICKLY REMOVED A STRAND OF THE GARLIC FLOWERS...
NOW YOU HAVE SEEN AS SEWARD AND I HAVE SEEN! DO YOU BELIEVE?
YES, YES! DO AS YOU WILL, MY FRIEND! SUCH HORROR MUST BE KEPT FROM THE WORLD!
THE CHILD IS STILL ALIVE!
GOOD! LET US TAKE IT TO A HOSPITAL! WE CAN DO NO MORE UNTIL TOMORROW!
17

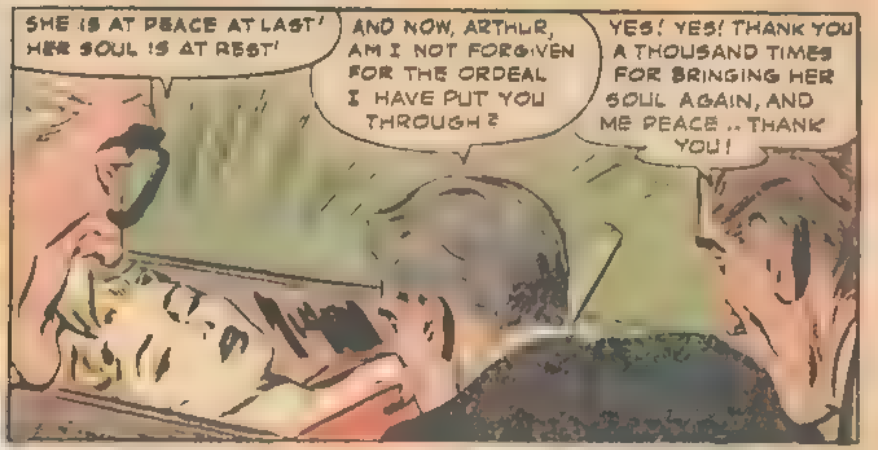
AT MIDNIGHT THE FOLLOWING
THIS IS HER BODY AND YET IT IS NOT! BUT WAIT A WHILE, AND YOU WILL SEE HER AS SHE WAS, AND IS!
ONLY A DEMON IN HER SHAPE!

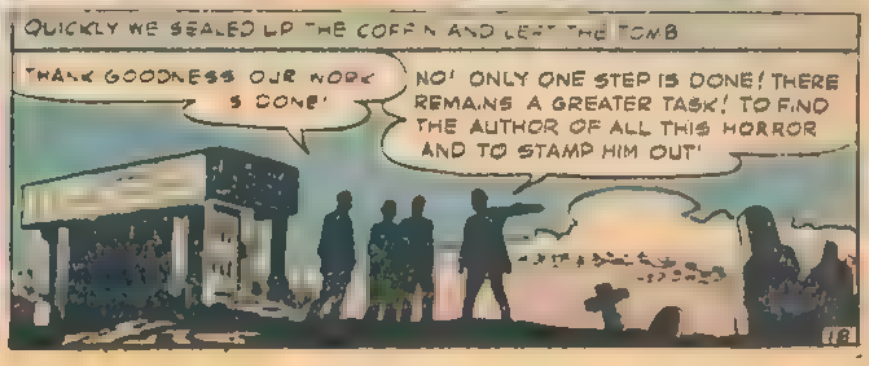
THIS IS WHAT WE MUST DO! WE MUST DRIVE THIS STAKE THROUGH HER HEART, ELSE SHE WILL NEVER FIND REST!
OH, NO!


IT MUST BE DONE! IF WE ARE TO HALT THE EVIL POWER OF THE UNDEAD WE MUST DO IT! IF ONLY TO SAVE THE LITTLE ONES WHO HAVE COME UNDER HER POWER.. READ THE PRAYER OF THE DEAD!


TASK AS WE CHANTED THE SOLEMN PRAYER...
ASHES TO ASHES AND DUST TO DUST..'

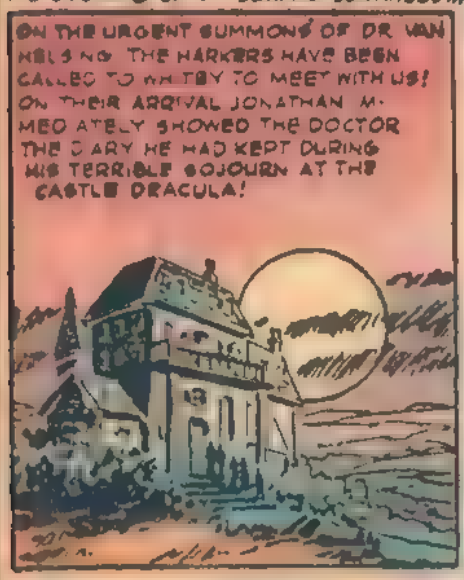
A MOMENT AND IT WAS DONE! VAN HELSING REELED BACK ALMOST FAINTING.
I CAN'T BEAR IT! I CAN'T BEAR IT!
LOOK! LOOK IN THE COFFIN!

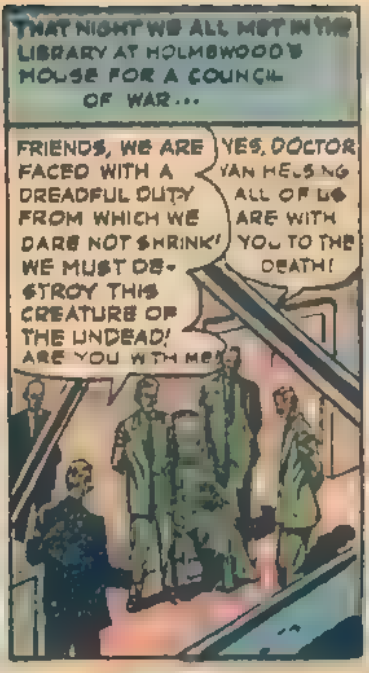

SHE IS AT PEACE AT LAST! HER SOUL IS AT REST!
AND NOW, ARTHUR, AM I NOT FORGIVEN FOR THE ORDEAL I HAVE PUT YOU THROUGH?
YES! YES! THANK YOU A THOUSAND TIMES FOR BRINGING HER SOUL AGAIN, AND ME PEACE .. THANK YOU!

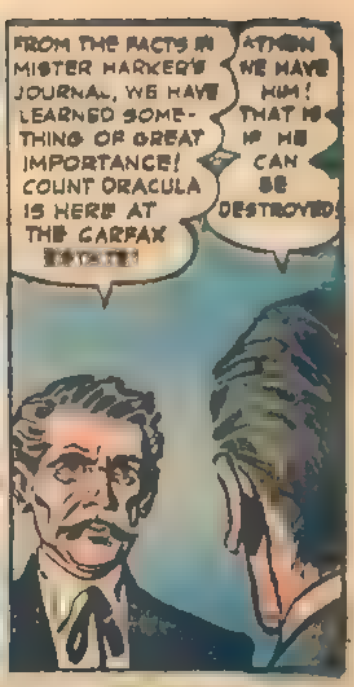

QUICKLY WE SEALED UP THE COFFIN AND LEFT THE TOMB
THANK GOODNESS OUR WORK IS DONE!
NO! ONLY ONE STEP IS DONE! THERE REMAINS A GREATER TASK! TO FIND THE AUTHOR OF ALL THIS HORROR AND TO STAMP HIM OUT!

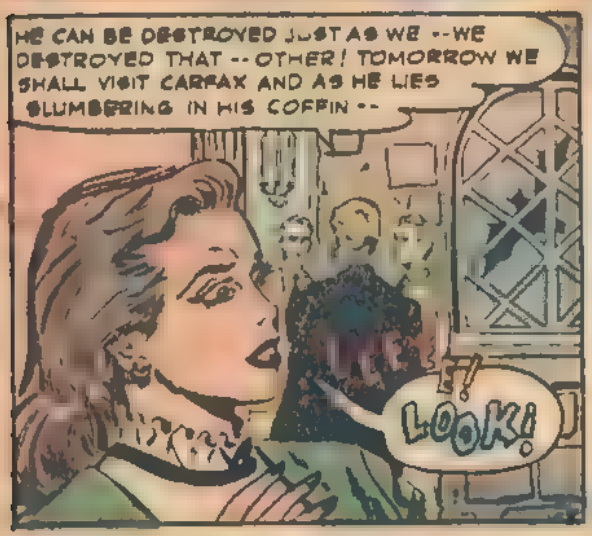
PART FOUR

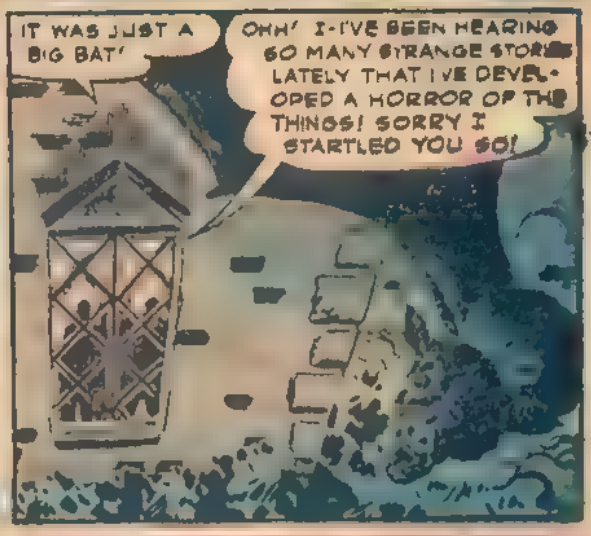
THE JOURNAL OF DR SEWARD CONTINUED...


ON THE URGENT SUMMONS OF DR VAN HELSING THE HARKERS HAVE BEEN CALLED TO WHITBY TO MEET WITH US! ON THEIR ARRIVAL JONATHAN IMMEDIATELY SHOWED THE DOCTOR THE DIARY HE HAD KEPT DURING HIS TERRIBLE SOJOURN AT THE CASTLE DRACULA!

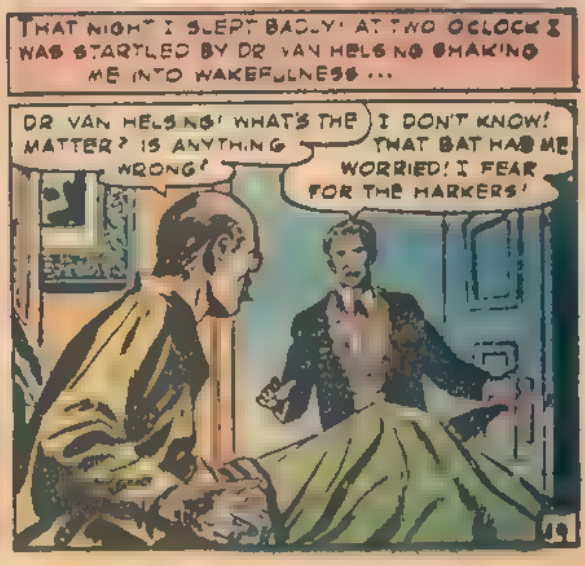

THAT NIGHT WE ALL MET IN THE LIBRARY AT HOLMWOOD'S HOUSE FOR A COUNCIL OF WAR...
FRIENDS, WE ARE FACED WITH A DREADFUL DUTY FROM WHICH WE DARE NOT SHRINK! WE MUST DESTROY THIS CREATURE OF THE UNDEAD! ARE YOU WITH ME?
YES, DOCTOR VAN HELSING ALL OF US ARE WITH YOU TO THE DEATH!


FROM THE FACTS IN MISTER HARKER'S JOURNAL, WE HAVE LEARNED SOMETHING OF GREAT IMPORTANCE! COUNT DRACULA IS HERE AT THE CARFAX [illegible]!
AHHH WE HAVE HIM! THAT IS IF HE CAN BE DESTROYED!


HE CAN BE DESTROYED JUST AS WE -- WE DESTROYED THAT -- OTHER! TOMORROW WE SHALL VISIT CARFAX AND AS HE LIES SLUMBERING IN HIS COFFIN --
LOOK!


IT WAS JUST A BIG BAT'
OHH' I-I'VE BEEN HEARING SO MANY STRANGE STORIES LATELY THAT I'VE DEVELOPED A HORROR OF THE THINGS! SORRY I STARTLED YOU SO!

IT IS GETTING LATE AND I SUGGEST WE ALL RETIRE! THE HARKERS MUST HAVE HAD A TRYING DAY AND WE ALL NEED REST FOR WHAT IS BEFORE US TOMORROW!
SPLENDID IDEA! GOOD NIGHT, EVERYONE!


THAT NIGHT I SLEPT BADLY! AT TWO O'CLOCK I WAS STARTLED BY DR VAN HELSING SHAKING ME INTO WAKEFULNESS...
DR VAN HELSING! WHAT'S THE MATTER? IS ANYTHING WRONG!
I DON'T KNOW! THAT BAT HAS ME WORRIED! I FEAR FOR THE HARKERS!

TAKE THESE FOR PROTECTION AND COME WITH ME! THE OTHERS WAIT OUTSIDE!
A CRUCIFIX AND A WREATH OF GARLIC! THEN -- THEN YOU BELIEVE COUNT DRACULA IS IN THIS HOUSE!
HASTILY DONNING MY CLOTHES I JOINED THE OTHERS! A MOMENT LATER WE STOOD BEFORE THE DOOR OF THE HARKER'S ROOM --
IT IS LOCKED! DO YOU THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER IF--
THERE IS NO TIME FOR THINKING! BREAK IT IN!
ONE! TWO! THREE!
CRASH!
WHAT WE SAW IN THE ROOM MADE OUR HAIR STAND ON END AND OUR HEARTS STAND ST--!
DRACULA!
SO! YOU WOULD MATCH YOUR BRAINS AGAINST MINE! YOU WOULD HUNT ME AND FRUSTRATE ME IN MY DESIGN!
FOOLS!
BACK! BACK!
YOU THINK TO BAFFLE ME, BUT YOU WILL BE SORRY! MY REVENGE IS JUST BEGUN! YOU SHALL ALL BE MY CREATURES AND DO MY BIDDING AS THIS GIRL WILL!
BACK, I SAY, THING OF FOULNESS!
SUDDENLY THE MOONLIGHT WAS GONE BENEATH A GREAT BLACK CLOUD AND BY THE TIME THE LIGHTS WERE PUT ON THE COUNT WAS GONE --
WHERE IS HE?
LOOK! THAT VAPOR DISAPPEARING BENEATH THE WINDOW! HE HAS ESCAPED AGAIN!
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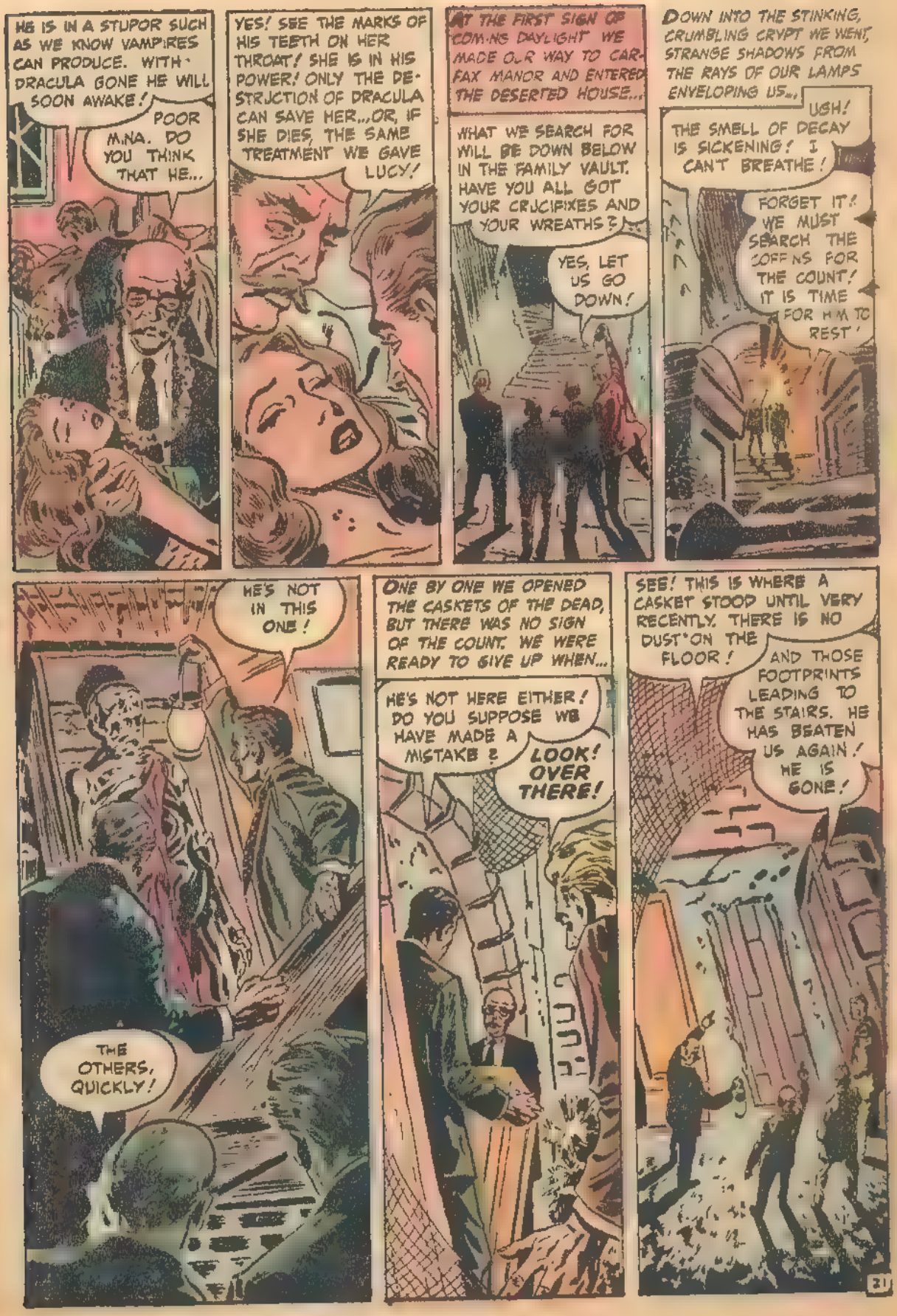
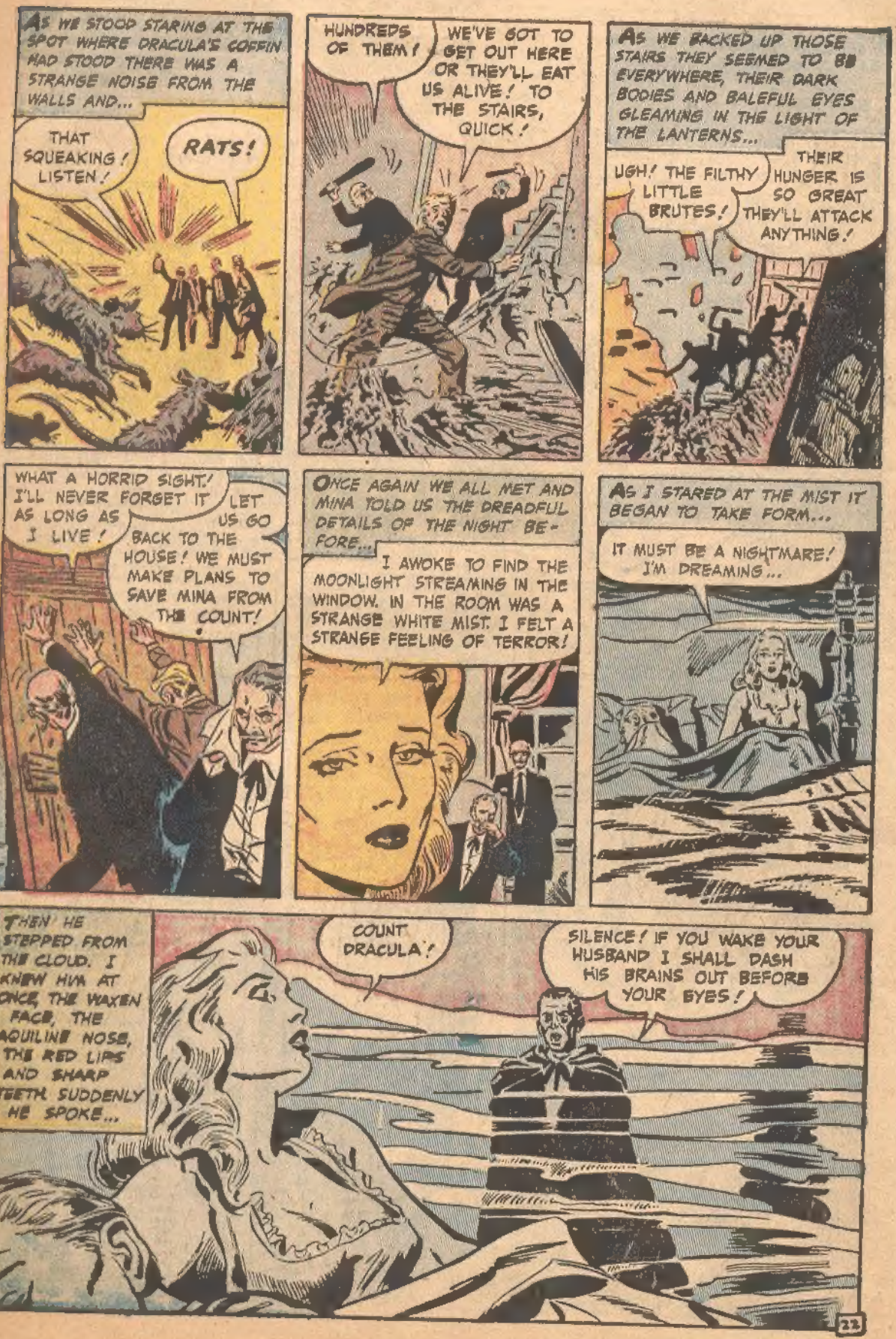

HE IS IN A STUPOR SUCH AS WE KNOW VAMPIRES CAN PRODUCE. WITH DRACULA GONE HE WILL SOON AWAKE!
POOR MINA. DO YOU THINK THAT HE...
YES! SEE THE MARKS OF HIS TEETH ON HER THROAT! SHE IS IN HIS POWER! ONLY THE DESTRUCTION OF DRACULA CAN SAVE HER...OR, IF SHE DIES, THE SAME TREATMENT WE GAVE LUCY!
AT THE FIRST SIGN OF COMING DAYLIGHT WE MADE OUR WAY TO CARFAX MANOR AND ENTERED THE DESERTED HOUSE...
WHAT WE SEARCH FOR WILL BE DOWN BELOW IN THE FAMILY VAULT. HAVE YOU ALL GOT YOUR CRUCIFIXES AND YOUR WREATHS?
YES, LET US GO DOWN!
DOWN INTO THE STINKING, CRUMBLING CRYPT WE WENT, STRANGE SHADOWS FROM THE RAYS OF OUR LAMPS ENVELOPING US...
UGH! THE SMELL OF DECAY IS SICKENING! I CAN'T BREATHE!
FORGET IT! WE MUST SEARCH THE COFFINS FOR THE COUNT! IT IS TIME FOR HIM TO REST!
HE'S NOT IN THIS ONE!
THE OTHERS, QUICKLY!
ONE BY ONE WE OPENED THE CASKETS OF THE DEAD, BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE COUNT. WE WERE READY TO GIVE UP WHEN...
HE'S NOT HERE EITHER! DO YOU SUPPOSE WE HAVE MADE A MISTAKE?
LOOK! OVER THERE!
SEE! THIS IS WHERE A CASKET STOOD UNTIL VERY RECENTLY. THERE IS NO DUST ON THE FLOOR!
AND THOSE FOOTPRINTS LEADING TO THE STAIRS. HE HAS BEATEN US AGAIN! HE IS GONE!


AS WE STOOD STARING AT THE SPOT WHERE DRACULA'S COFFIN HAD STOOD THERE WAS A STRANGE NOISE FROM THE WALLS AND...
THAT SQUEAKING! LISTEN!
RATS!
HUNDREDS OF THEM!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT HERE OR THEY'LL EAT US ALIVE! TO THE STAIRS, QUICK!
AS WE BACKED UP THOSE STAIRS THEY SEEMED TO BE EVERYWHERE, THEIR DARK BODIES AND BALEFUL EYES GLEAMING IN THE LIGHT OF THE LANTERNS...
UGH! THE FILTHY LITTLE BRUTES!
THEIR HUNGER IS SO GREAT THEY'LL ATTACK ANYTHING!
WHAT A HORRID SIGHT! I'LL NEVER FORGET IT AS LONG AS I LIVE!
LET US GO BACK TO THE HOUSE! WE MUST MAKE PLANS TO SAVE MINA FROM THE COUNT!
ONCE AGAIN WE ALL MET AND MINA TOLD US THE DREADFUL DETAILS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE...
I AWOKE TO FIND THE MOONLIGHT STREAMING IN THE WINDOW. IN THE ROOM WAS A STRANGE WHITE MIST. I FELT A STRANGE FEELING OF TERROR!
AS I STARED AT THE MIST IT BEGAN TO TAKE FORM...
IT MUST BE A NIGHTMARE! I'M DREAMING...
THEN HE STEPPED FROM THE CLOUD. I KNEW HIM AT ONCE, THE WAXEN FACE, THE AQUILINE NOSE, THE RED LIPS AND SHARP TEETH. SUDDENLY HE SPOKE...
COUNT DRACULA!
SILENCE! IF YOU WAKE YOUR HUSBAND I SHALL DASH HIS BRAINS OUT BEFORE YOUR EYES!

THEN WITH A MOCKING SMILE HE PLACED A HAND ON MY SHOULDER AND PULLED ME TO HIM...
FIRST, A LITTLE REFRESHMENT TO REWARD MY EXERTIONS! IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE YOU WILL BE QUIET...
I COULD DO NOTHING. I WAS POWERLESS AS HE PLACED HIS REEKING LIPS TO MY THROAT AND DRANK...
AGGH!
AAAU
WHEN HE WAS DONE HE SPOKE AGAIN...
NOW YOU ARE MINE, BLOOD OF MY BLOOD, KIN OF MY KIN. NOW SHALL YOU COME TO MY CALL WHEN I WANT YOU!
THAT IS ALL I REMEMBER UNTIL YOU FOUND ME!
DON'T WORRY. WE SHALL SAVE YOU. YOU WILL NOT GO UNAVENGED!
MY POOR MINA!
WE HAVE THIS IN OUR FAVOR-- HE IS AFRAID OF US! HE IS ON THE RUN! WE MUST FOLLOW HIM AND MAKE SURE HE DOES NOT ELUDE US AGAIN!
BUT HOW, WHERE? WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?
I HAVE STUDIED OVER AND OVER AGAIN ALL THE INFORMATION WE HAVE ABOUT THE COUNT AND OTHER VAMPIRES! I BELIEVE HE HAS GONE BACK TO CASTLE DRACULA!
THEN WE MUST GO AFTER HIM, BUT FIRST WE MUST BE SURE!
THAT VERY DAY WE BEGAN OUR ENQUIRIES, HOLMWOOD WENT TO LONDON AND WHEN HE RETURNED...
I HAVE NEWS! VAN HELSING WAS RIGHT! DRACULA IS ON HIS WAY HOME!
GOOD WORK! HOW DID YOU FIND OUT?
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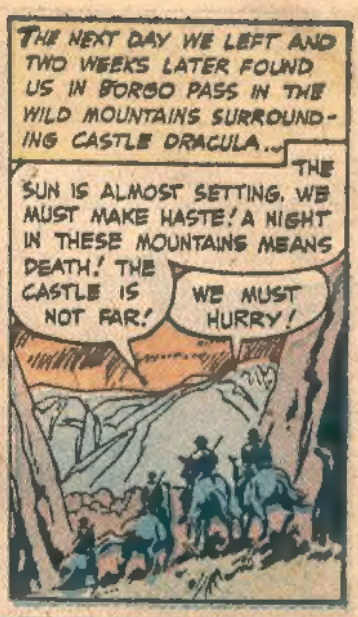
I GOT THE MEN WHO CARRIED THE COFFIN HE RESTS IN TO THE SHIP TO TALK. HE HAS SAILED ON THE CZARINA CATHERINE THE ONLY SHIP TO LEAVE PORT FOR THE BLACK SEA THIS WEEK!
GOOD! WE SHALL BEAT HIM YET!

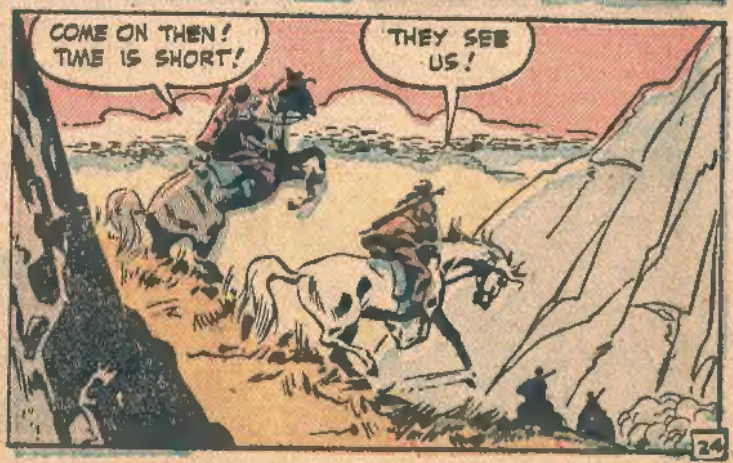
WE SHALL TRAVEL TO THE MOUNTAINS OF CARPATHIA OVERLAND. WHEN THE COUNT ARRIVES AT HIS FOUL LAIR HE WILL FIND US PREPARED AND WAITING!


THE NEXT DAY WE LEFT AND TWO WEEKS LATER FOUND US IN BORGO PASS IN THE WILD MOUNTAINS SURROUNDING CASTLE DRACULA...
THE SUN IS ALMOST SETTING. WE MUST MAKE HASTE! A NIGHT IN THESE MOUNTAINS MEANS DEATH! THE CASTLE IS NOT FAR!
WE MUST HURRY!

MINUTES LATER WE TOPPED A STEEP RISE AND...
THERE LIES CASTLE DRACULA! PRAY GOD HE HASN'T ALREADY RETURNED!

HE HAS NOT! LOOK DOWN THERE!
IT APPEARS TO BE A GYPSY CARAVAN!

OUR HEARTS LEAPED! COMING UP THE ONLY ROAD TO THE CASTLE WAS A WAGON SURROUNDED BY GYPSIES! ON IT WAS A GREAT, BLACK BOX!
QUICK! IT IS NOW OR NEVER! IF THE SUN SETS BEFORE WE DESTROY HIM WE ARE LOST! HE WILL THEN BE FREE TO DESTROY US!


COME ON THEN! TIME IS SHORT!
THEY SEE US!

A MOMENT LATER, OUR GUNS READY, WE FACED THE GYPSIES...
WHAT IS IT YOU WISH, SIRS?
WE HAVE NO BUSINESS WITH YOU! OUR BUSINESS IS WITH HE WHO LIES IN THAT BOX!
YOU SHALL NOT HAVE HIM!
STAND ASIDE OR WE SHOOT!
FOR A MOMENT THERE WAS AN IMPASSE AS THE SUN SLOWLY SETTLED IN THE REDDENED SKY. THEN QUINCY SPURRED HIS HORSE...
THROUGH THEM! THE SUN SETS!
GET BACK! GET BACK!
ON THE WAGON! QUICK!
JUST HOLD THEM OFF TILL OUR WORK IS DONE!
AS THE OTHERS BATTLED THE GYPSIES VAN HELSING AND I TORE THE COVER FROM THE BOX! THERE LAY COUNT DRACULA!
WE HAVE HIM! THE STAKE!
WE HAVE BUT A MOMENT! HURRY!
THEN, AS THE LAST RAYS OF THE SUN GLITTERED ON THE BARREN HILLS VAN HELSING DID WHAT HE HAD COME TO DO!
YOUR TIME HAS COME!
KERAAK
VAN HELSING STRAIGHTENED AND, AS IF BY A MIRACLE THE WHOLE BODY CRUMBLED INTO DUST AND PASSED FROM OUR SIGHT. OUR JOB WAS DONE!
FLEE! FLEE! HE IS DEAD!
GOD BE THANKED!
NOTE IN DR. SEWARD'S JOURNAL WRITTEN SOME YEARS LATER: IT IS A LONG TIME SINCE THESE TROUBLED EVENTS TOOK PLACE, AND AS I READ THESE PAPERS ONCE AGAIN EVEN I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THESE HORRORS REALLY CAME TO PASS!